ALICE GRAY, OR A WORKING GIRL'S STORY.

I can remember the time when work was a dull, meaningless word to me; when fond, doting parents surrounded me with every luxury possible to conceive, for, my father was considered a wealthy man, and the magnificent house and grounds, costly carriages and numerous servants, certainly betoken the assertion "what a careless happy life I led," till suddenly my parents were both stricken down by a violent epidemic, and I was left an orphan at the age of seventeen. I shudder, even now, as memory recalls that desolate period, and the bitter feelings that surged over me, when the full consciousness of my bereavment forced itself upon me.

My father's only brother was summoned from New York, and to his care and love, my father had consigned me. I cannot say I fancied my uncle. He was a stern, silent man, very unlike my father, but there was a look of sadness upon his face that won my pity, and I tried to like him for my father's sake.

After the funeral, my uncle, by investigation, found that we had been living far beyond our means, and that in consequence we were seriously involved in debt. This was an unexpected calamity too me, and it is no wonder my face blanched with sudden fear, as I listened to my uncle, for the knowledge of my wealth made the thought of living in my uncle's family bearable. One thing I resolved upon; I would not be dependent upon my uncle's bounty, either for my support, or the payment of our debts. Every cent I determined to pay as soon as I could honorably earn it. The house, and everything of any value, was sold, and after distributing the proceeds among the creditors, we departed for New York.

My uncle lived on ——Avenue, in a magnificent house, elegantly furnished with everything art could devise or wealth procure, and yet there was a chilling, inhospitable look about everything that pertained to it.

My aunt met us in the hall, as we entered, and after saluting my uncle, greeted me with a few polite words of welcome, which quite put to flight the pretty little speech I had prepared to make on the occasion, and brought the hot tears of disappointment to my eyes, but forcing them proudly back, I turned to meet my cousin Mabel. I had heard my mother often speak of her beauty, but I was wholly unprepared for the vision of loveliness before me, and stood gazing like one spell-bound. No pen can describe the deep violet eyes, the softly-tinted cheeks, or the long, golden hair, that fell in countless curls over the white shoulders. She was of medium height, and could not have been more than eighteen, and might have passed for much younger. If anything, she met me less cordially than her mother, merely remarking that I looked tired, and had better be shown to my room.

My aunt rang the bell, and when the servant appeared, I was conducted to a small but pleasant apartment on the third floor. When I was alone I gave vent to my feelings, and wept long and bitterly, till remembering I must soon appear at dinner, I tried to bathe away all traces of my tears, but it was of no use; my eyes were red and swollen, making my face, which was never pretty, look absolutely ugly. The mirror reflected a clear, but pale complexion, a well-formed head, covered with bands of black, glossy hair, and large, deep-grey eyes, an ordinary looking girl, certainly.

The dinner bell interrupted my criticism, and hurriedly finishing my toilet, I descended to the dining-room, where the family were already assembled, with a young gentleman, who was introduced to me as Mr. Clifford. I liked him at once, there was something so kind and genial about him; He was a handsome man, too—tall and well proportioned, with an abundance of brown, wavy hair, which clustered about a broad, white forehead. The eyes, too, were brown and expansive, while the mouth was a singular combination of gentleness and power. He was free and easy in his manners, addressing his remarks to one and then another, till even my aunt's proud face relaxed, and a smile hovered about the lips, as if in fear of being detected. The evening passed pleasantly, and after his departure I introduced the subject of self-support. At first my uncle opposed it, but Mrs. Gray so warmly favored it, he promised to consider it, and give me his opinion in a few days. But I was not idle. I looked among the advertisements in the daily papers every morning, but not finding anything that reached my case, I determined to visit several publishing houses and see if I could not procure some copying to do. So accordingly, one day, I started with confident hopes of a situation before night, and in imagination I saw the heavy debt paid with my earnings. The first place on my list I entered, with not a little trepidation, and made known my errand. Very kindly was my request listened to, and just as kindly I was informed that they had no need of my services. I tried place No. 2 with no better success, and, in fact, none of them gave me any better encouragement, than if they wanted my service they would let me know. As I was leaving the last place the editor gave me the address of a gentleman on ——Street, who frequently employed copyists. I followed the direction, and was soon in the premises of an elderly gentleman, who, when I told him what I wanted, suggested that I should learn phonography, adding that if I would learn it, he would give me a situation as soon as I was competent to fill it.

He recommended a teacher, whom I engaged on my way home.

I shall never forget the first lesson; the alphabet and outlines, curves and hooks, looked like Greek to me, and I believe I should have given up but for the fear of the ridicule, which I knew would be showered upon me at home so with this stimulative I persevered, and at the end of a year I was able to report. I presented myself before the gentleman who had offered me the situation, and my labors began at once. I received larger wages than I expected, and carefully hoarded every cent, with only one thought of ambition—to free my father's name from dishonor.

A year had passed away. Dr. Clifford called frequently to see us, making the sombre old house bright with his presence. He always treated me with a great deal of attention, and when we were alone there was a tender deference in his manner towards me, that I could not account for. I had never tried to define my feelings towards him. It was sufficient for me to known he was my friend, and that in trouble that might befall me, I had one who would support and comfort me.

It may be imagined that but for Dr. Clifford my sojourn there would have been anything but pleasant. My uncle and aunt rarely spoke to me; Mabel never, unless to ridicule or censure. So the days passed on. My salary had been increased, I had economized so closely, that already I had discharged a portion of the debt; but such close application, was fast breaking down my constitution, and though I blinded my eyes to the fact, it still remained a tormenting reality. At the close of a week of excessive labor, I was suddenly taken ill with typhoid fever. Dr. Clifford was immediately sent for, but when he arrived I was unconscious. I did not see the anxious face that bent over me, or hear the soft, endearing words he uttered. I should have been a happier woman if I had.

For many weeks my life was despaired of, but with constant and skillful attention, I was soon pronounced out of danger, and things glided back to their old routine, with one exception. Dr. Clifford no longer treated me with the shy deference that had so long marked his conduct. Love showed itself in every slight caress, and lingered in every look and word, and though he had never spoken of it, or asked me to be his wife, I read "the song without words," and its glad music filled my heart with joy and happiness, making my life, which had been so long dull and cheerless, blossom with strange beauty and fragrance.

"Mabel, I want to tell you something; may I?"

I think Harvey Clifford regretted the question, or, at least, the manner in which it was worded, the next minute, when he saw the flush of pleasure, and the bright, expectant look upon the fair face of Mabel Gray.

"Certainly, Harvey. I am always happy to listen to you," and the soft, musical voice was tremulous with emotion, and the white lids veiled the drooping eyes as she answered him.

"Well, Mabel; I have learned to love this little cousin of yours, or rather, I have loved her since the first time I saw her, and I want you to tell me if the field is clear, or if some happy man has already won the prize I covet."

This was said with an assumed playfulness, but there was a lurking earnestness in the voice, and Harvey Clifford waited anxiously for the answer.

"I cannot tell you, Harvey; we are not intimate enough for me to know, but even if there were no such impediment to your wooing, I should be sorry to have you betrothed to such a woman."

"What do you mean, Mabel?" and in his eagerness he took her hand and almost crushed the whole jeweled fingers. For a moment Mabel hesitated, for artful as she was, she was not wholly lost to honesty, and there was something in a bold, deliberate falsehood she shrank from. But against her scheming policy and crafty reason, she had given her heart unsought, into this man's keeping, and, night and day plotted how to win; and was this to be the end of her labor? She knew his great regard for integrity and truth, and the temptation was too great.

"I would not tell you, Harvey, did I not think it my duty. Alice intends to do right, I dare say, but she is not truthful, and though we have expostulated with her, time and again, it seems to do no good; and mamma has actually forbidden me to have any intercourse with her," and her eyes met his without wavering.

Harvey Clifford was very pale when she had finished speaking, and for a moment Mabel regretted what she had done.

"God only knows the disappointment and anguish your words have caused me, Mabel, for if there is one thing I revere more than another, it is truth-loving woman. Ah! Alice, Alice Gray, how could you so deceive me!" and the strong man wept like a child.

"Is there no woman you can trust, Harvey!"

And the voice at that moment had a powerful fascination in it. Harvey Clifford felt its power, and looking at the fair girl beside him, he thought how proud any man might be of her as his wife.

"I would have trusted Alice Gray before any other woman. What proof have I that my judgment might not err again."

"And yet Harvey, because of her falseness you would not condemn all?" And the tears gathered in her violet eyes, adding new beauty and tenderness to the face of the speaker.

It was a dangerous moment for Harvey Clifford—one he could not resist, and when he left the house, an hour latter, he was the betrothed husband of this woman, who, for his sake, had perjured her soul.

June was already upon us before the family had made any definite arrangements for their summer trip. I had regained my usual health, and had resumed my work. My uncle and aunt had invited me to accompany them on their route, which had been decided to be Saratoga, Newport, and the White Mountains. My heart quickened at the very possibility of such a pleasure, but putting the temptation far from me, I attended more closely than ever to my duties.

I had not met Dr. Clifford but once since my recovery, and the cold indifference with which he greeted me, seemed to crush my very soul. I noticed his attention to Mabel, but I was not aware of their engagement till the evening before their departure for Saratoga. I was sitting in my room, wondering what had produced the change in Dr. Clifford, when Mabel entered softly, and drawing a chair up close to mine, said, gaily.

"I am come for your congratulations, Alice. I am engaged for marriage to Harvey Clifford," holding up her fore-finger, upon which rested a diamond ring, which glowed and sparkled in the twilight with wondrous brilliancy.

I listened like one in a trance. My heart seemed to stand still, and my tongue refused to move. She noticed my silence, and added:

"I presume you are surprised, and I must confess I was a little myself. I had thought, all along, that he fancied you." And through the gathering darkness her eyes gleamed triumphantly, and a malicious laugh rang out upon the air.

It grated harshly upon my ear, and for a moment I hated the girl who had supplanted me in Harvey Clifford's affection, and I said, bitterly:

"Your observation must be remarkably keen to detect such slight deference. Whatever Dr. Clifford may have been to me, he is nothing now, and you have my hearty wishes for your happiness."

"I accept them with due appreciation of their sincerity." And carelessly humming an opera air, she departed, leaving me with my misery and wounded love, which, alas! I could not conquer.

The next morning they started. I was to retain the servants, and have charge of the house until their return in October. I went as usual to my work, for the servants were trusty, and I was not afraid to leave them.

August came with its sultry heat. I had not heard from the family for some time, and was wondering at their silence, for my uncle wrote me every week—kind, affectionate letters they were, too, which gave me a greater insight into his character than I ever had before.

One evening, as I was sitting in the parlor, reading, the bell rang violently, and a servant soon entered with a telegram addressed to me. A sense of coming evil oppressed me, and my hand shook so I could scarcely read it. Mabel Gray was lying ill at Newport, very ill, and I must come to her immediately. I went at once, and found her much worse than I feared—indeed the physician had already given her up. It was a singular coincidence, that it was the same fever which I nearly died with the year before, and the same physician attending her. She knew me at once as I entered, and grasping my hand, said eagerly.

"I knew you would come to me, Alice. The doctors say I may not live, and I cannot die without making a confession to you—you and Harvey," and following the direction of her eyes, I perceived Dr. Clifford. The others silently left the room, and then and there I learned the cruel wrong which I had suffered, and for a moment I think it was like the bitterness of death to forgive it.

"Let me remedy the evil I have caused," and joining my hand in his, she added, "I want to hear you both say you forgive me."

I could not resist that pleading look, and forgetting my resentment, I said, solemnly.

"As I trust my sins will be forgiven, and remembered no more, so now in like manner do I forgive you, Mabel Gray."

"May God, in His great mercy, forgive me as fully and freely as I now do you, Mabel," said Harvey Clifford, earnestly, and at a signal from Mabel, we left the room.

The days brought but little change to the invalid for some time; but suddenly, and to the surprise of all, she rallied, and soon regained a tolerable degree of health. She was a different woman after her recovery. No one could be more gentle or lovable than she, and when I heard a minister had wooed and won her, I was not surprised.

And so, reader, I bring you to the close of this narrative. Dr. Clifford finished the confession Mabel began, and without any hesitancy I accepted him, and we were to be married in October. The rich harvest-month soon smiled serenely upon us, and standing there, in the solemn hush of receding day, we spoke our marriage vows, and took up the old song which has been chanted and sung through so many generations of God's people.

My uncle was remarkably joyous on the occasion, and my cheeks burned, as he related, and magnified, I think, my sacrifices and perseverances in discharging the debt, (which by closer investigation, was found to be much smaller than we at first supposed), which had so clouded my father's name. It was an unexpected tribute from my uncle, and as I listened, I think it was sufficient reward for all I had undergone in the dark, troubled days, which, like a bad dream, were remembered with thankfulness that they were no longer present.

WILDCAT AND BULLDOG FIGHT.

A Great Battle Between Two Huge Wildcats and Two Bulldogs—Stakes $500 to Ten Head of Cattle—Both Wildcats Finally Killed.

[From the Territorial Enterprise, Sept. 23d.]

The great wildcat and bulldog fight came off at the Opera House last night according to programme, and was witnessed by a full and excited house, composed mostly of men, but a few of the "sterner sex"—when it comes to cat-fighting—were present.

THE ARENA.

There was rigged up on the state a large cage, twelve feet wide, ten feet deep, and ten feet high—the front and five feet of either side constructed of small iron bars. Toward the roof of the cage, so as to perfectly light up the interior, were eight gas jets. All being in readiness

FIGHT NO. 1

took place. The smallest cat was let into the den, and soon after Mr. Gee's large white bull-dog "Hero." "Hero" proved himself a hero indeed in this instance. He went after that cat "thar and then." The cat stood his first charge, and then began to want to leave. It bounded across the den with its stumpy tail erect, and tried to get out through the bars but was driven back by men who stood on either side with swords, with the backs of which they rapped it on the nose. After a few wild plunges about the cage, the dog got a square hold of the beast and very soon killed it. From the time he started in, the dog was not much longer in killing the cat than a black-and-tan would have been in using up a rat. The dog killed him "very dead," and, to kill him still "deader," a man went into the cage and gave him a cut across the neck with a sword. This short and decisive fight sent

WILDCAT DOWN.

"Hero" was the hero of the moment. He was sponged off, had a rest, and was finally in trim for another bout. The second cat, a female and much larger than the male, which had been killed, was let into the den. The dog being let in (and he was wild for the fray, trying to get in through the bars) we had

FIGHT NO. 2.

The dog went at the second cat as impetuously as he had gone for the first, but this one was a fighter, and made the fur fly from the word go.

They had it very lively for a time, when the dog began to show plainly by his actions that he "hadn't lost any wildcat." He preferred standing at a distance and barking, though occasionally he made a rush, when the cat would pitch into him like an expert boxer, and make the hair fly at a great rate. The dog was removed, rested and sponged off. Being returned he went for the cat a few times, but her claws were too sharp and he moved to the entrance, and with tail down "asked" to be let out. He was encouraged to try again, but could not be made to see that there would be any glory for him in getting away with the spiteful and wary old cat. He was taken out, and his owner at last came forward to the footlights and said he would not try him again, that he gave up the bet, which, on his part, was $500 against ten head of bullocks put up by the owner of of the cat. The result of this fight sent

WILDCAT UP.

Before the second was let into the den no one in the house would have bet ten cents on any cat in the world; now all was changed. After a long talk about another match and a delay of an hour, twenty dollars was raised, the cat purchased of its owner and then came

FIGHT NO. 3 AND DEATH OF THE CAT.

A wiry and very game little bull dog (much smaller than the first), belonging to James Kelly, was now let into the den. He at once made for the cat, and kept right on making for her, in spite of her sharp claws. The two animals had a really terrific battle, and the cat, now for the first time, found it necessary to use her teeth as well as her claws. Over and over they rolled, fighting so rapidly that it reminded one of a big bunch of fire-crackers, exploding and whirling about. The cat at last began to try to get away, but the spunky little dog kept after her and she had to get down to her work again. The fight lasted over twenty minutes and finally the dog was victorious, not only whipping but killing the cat. The little bull dog was cheered by the crowd and all dispersed, declaring the new Opera House troupe a decided success, but all the actors did not scramble to their feet when the curtain went down. It was a real tragedy with the two debutants of the cat family and no nonsense for the cauline stars.

—The New York *Globe* speaks thus of the Republican nominee for the gubernatorial honors of Massachusetts: "It has been our good fortune to meet the Hon. William B. Washburn in his modest, happy, and unpretending home at Greenfield Mass., where he is known as a quiet, gentlemanly, honest and Christian citizen, who goes quietly about his business, alway with the highest aim and noblest purposes. We know him to be all that the best class of people in Massachusetts could desire in a Chief Executive, and he will make a governor of whom any state might be proud. He is from the Western part of the State, fresh from the people, free from all political alliances of a doubtful nature, and, since the happy solution of affairs at Worcester yesterday, he is sure of an easy election. Everybody may vote for Mr. Washburn—the laboring men, the temperance men, the Sunday-law men, the rich, the poor, the respectable, in short, all classes—and every man who helps to place Mr. Washburn in the Governor's chair honors himself and the State in which he lives."

—A dispatch from Salt Lake City, dated Sept. 29, says: Gen. De Trobriand, commanding Camp Douglass, has prepared comfortable accommodations for Brigham Young, at his own headquarters, in anticipation of his (Brigham's) arrest. The high Mormons are exultingly confident that Brigham will overcome all the charges against him before the law. No trouble is apprehended.

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A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *It soon restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* This hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pastyseed-ment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so unsicleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.

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Having three first class engines on hand, of about fifteen horse power capacity, they are offered to the public at reasonable rates. JOHN THORNILEY. apr20-tf.

CLOTHING STORE. NEW GOODS! SUMMER STOCK.

The undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends and the public generally that he has just received and opened A New Stock of Goods, OF THE LATEST STYLES FOR Summer Wear. He keeps the best of workmen in his employ, and feels confident of his ability to cut and make up garments both FASHIONABLE & DURABLE, and in such a manner as will please his customers.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS ALWAYS ON HAND. *Call and see us before leaving your Orders Elsewhere* WILLIAM REICH, Jr. may4,70;1y Bridgewater, Pa

Miscellaneous.

THE OLD ORIGINAL BOTTLING HOUSE. H. W. BUFFUM & CO. 22 and 24 Market Street, PITTSBURG, PA. Established in 1844, by H. W. Buffum.

This oldest and largest Bottling House west of the mountains, has made extensive preparations for supplying their friends and the public with their celebrated *Mineral Waters, Ales, Porter, &c., &c.* For the Spring Trade, at the following prices:

Sarsaparilla	$ 87½	per doz.
Mineral Water	87½	"
Raspberry "	87½	"
Champagne Cider	87½	"
Porter	60	"
Ale, small bottles	60	"
" Kennet	1 25	"
" Winterton	1 25	"
Syrups	3 00	"
Imported London Porter and bottles	3 00	"
Imported Scotch Ales and bottles	3 00	"
Crab Cider	33 per gallon.	
Syrups	2 00	"

Bottles 73 cents per doz. extra. Money refunded when returned.

Goods delivered free, and freight paid to rail road stations and steamboat landings. feb22:1y

CITY BOTTLING HOUSE, No. 39 Market Street, PITTSBTRGH, PA. *J. C. Buffum & Co.* BOTTLERS OF Sarsaparilla, Mineral and Raspberry Soda Waters, Syrups and Cider, Smith's Kennett, Wainwrights, and all the best brands of Ale and London Porter, selected and bond bottled for Medical and Family use. Goods delivered free. [mr8;71:1y

ALLEGHENY BREWERY.—Spring Water Ales, SMITH & CO., Brewers, Maltsters and Hop dealers, No. 465 Rebecca street, Allegheny, Pa THOS. BOOTA. H. A. YOUNG. Highest cash price paid for Barley. jy5:1y

Dentistry. Dr. J. Murray, of Bridgewater, is determined that no Dentist in the State shall do work better or cheaper than he offers it to his patrons.—He uses the best materials manufactured in the United States. Gold and silver filling performed in a style that defies competition. Satisfaction guaranteed in all operations, or the money returned. Give him a trial. feb22:1y

G. S. BARKER..F. A. BARKER..C. A. BARKER. G. S. BARKER & Co., *New Brighton, Pa.* AND G. S. BARKER & Co., *Beaver Falls, Pa.* BANKERS, Dealers in Exchange, Coin, Coupons, &c., &c. Collections made on all accessible points in the United States and Canada. Accounts of Merchants, Manufacturers, and Individuals, solicited. Interest allowed on time deposites. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. [dec31:1y

GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE! PATENTED DECEMBER 7TH, 1869. OUR CELEBRATED GOLDEN FOUNTAIN PEN.

Remarkable gold. Acknowledged by all to be have used it to be the best Pen made or sold in this country. Will not corrode. Sixty lines written with one dipping of ink. Will outwrite seven lead pens. Pens warranted for twelve months. SOLD ONLY BY AGENTS, and for this Pen we offer agents a permanent business paying $200 per month. Provide every body per each. Pen and Pencil Case, 50 cents; two Pens, 50 cents; five Pens, $1.00; twelve Pens, $3.00. Address,

AGENTS WANTED. WESTERN PUBLISHING CO. Manufacturers' Agents, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CAUTION.—The great popularity of these Pens has led to numerous imitations of inferior quality. Buy only the genuine FOUNTAIN PEN sold by this company. In writing for Pens give your Name, Town, County, and State, plainly written, and orders will meet with prompt attention. jan25:1y

BANKING-HOUSE. THOMAS M'CREERY & CO. THOS. M'CREERY, *Cashier.* J. P. DRAVO, J. B. ANGIEL, J. H. M'CREERY. Interest paid on time deposits; Prompt attention given to collections. Also, Insurance Agents for good and reliable Companies. [may18tf

Reduced Prices! Speyerer & Sons Have just Returned from the East WITH A LARGE STOCK OF GOODS, Bought at the Lowest Cash Prices, And will sell some Goods, AS LOW AS BEFORE THE WAR! Consisting of Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Rope, Ocum, Packing Yarn, Iron, Nails, Paints, White Lead, Oil, Putty, Queensware, Willow-ware, Flour, Feed, Grain and Bacon, a variety of Prints, Muslins, Tickings, Delains, Checks, Alpacas, Jeans, Dimms, Crash and Hosiery; also, Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Carbon Oil, 200 *bbls. of the Celebrated Canton City* AND NEW CREEK FLOUR, Just arrived and for sale, Wholesale and Retail, At Pittsburg Prices. 200 Kegs Wheeling Nails: ONE CAR WHITE LIME; *Land Plaster, and Akron Cement.* A Large Stock of White Lead and Paints. A very superior quality of Strumz & Wetzel's Soaps; and a lot of Carbon Oil *Just Arrived and for sale, Wholesale and Retail.* ALSO, PURE CATAWBA, ISABELLA —and— Concord Wines, Of our own vintage, for Medicinal and Sacramental Purposes, are highly Recommended by those who have used them. They are also Agents for the KNIFFEN MOWER AND REAPER, And Pitt. Nat. Plow Co's. Plows. Thanking the Public for their past patronage, we hope to merit a liberal share in the future. *All Goods Delivered Free of Charge.* You can rely on all goods being fresh, as all our old goods were sold at auction. SPEYERER & SONS, apr13:tc

New Advertisements.

Carpets, OilCloths, Mattings, &c., &c., AT LOWEST PRICES. Henry McCallum, (Late McCallum Bro.'s,) 51 FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA. I have facilities for supplying RETAIL DEALERS *Equal to any Eastern Jobbing House.* Henry McCallum. apr12:1y.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of Administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of James Caldwell, deceased, late of North Sewickley township, Beaver county, Pa., this is to notify all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment; and all persons having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement, to ELIZABETH CALDWELL, adm'x. WM. C. CALDWELL, adm'r. sep20:6w

Children's Carriages!

A LARGE AND COMPLETE STOCK *Of Two and Three-Wheel Gigs,* PERAMBULATORS, AND WILLOW CARRIAGES, of the best New York and Philadelphia manufacture, at reasonable prices. Also, Ladies' Satchels, Baskets, Fancy Goods, Notions, Toys, Jet Jewelry, &c., &c wholesale and retail, at F. A. O'LEARY'S, 148 Federal St., 2 doors above the Market, may17:1y Allegheny, Pa.

Chas. B. Hurst's INSURANCE AND General Agency Office, *NEAR THE DEPOT* ROCHESTER, PENNA. Notary Public and Conveyancer; FIRE, LIFE, and ACCIDENT INSURANCE; "Anchor" and "National" Lines of Ocean Steamers; "Adams" and "Union" Express Agent. All kinds of Insurance at fair rates and liberal terms. Real Estate bought and sold. Deeds, Mortgages, Articles, &c., written; Depositions and Acknowledgements taken, &c., &c. Goods and Money forwarded to all parts of the United States and Canada. Passengers booked to and from England, Ireland, Scotland, France and Germany.

ÆTNA FIRE INS. CO., Of Hartford, Conn., Cash assets $6,000,000 "By their fruits ye know them." Losses paid to Jan. 1, 1871...$28,000,000 One of the oldest and wealthiest Companies in the world.

NIAGARA Insurance Co., Of New York. Cash assets, $1,500,000

ANDES FIRE INS. CO., Of Cincinnati, Ohio. Cash assets, $1,500,000

ENTERPRISE INS. CO., Of Philadelphia. Cash assets over $600,000

LANCASTER Fire Ins. Co. Of Lancaster, Pa. Cash assets $240,000

ALPS INSURANCE CO., Of Erie, Penna. Cash capital, $250,000

HOME LIFE INS. CO, Of New York. Cash assets, $3,500,000

Travelers' Life & Accident Insurance Co., Of Hartford, Conn. Cash assets over $1,500,000.

Representing the above first class Insurance Companies, acknowledged to be amongst the best and most reliable in the world, and representing a gross cash capital of nearly $16,000,000, I am enabled to take Insurance to any amount desired. Applications promptly attended to, and Policies written without delay, and at fair rates and liberal terms. *Losses liberally adjusted and promptly aid.* INSURE TO DAY! By one day's delay you may lose the savings of years. Delays are dangerous, and life uncertain; therefore, Insure *to-day.* "*One to-day, is worth two to-morrows.*"—Quality, also, is of the utmost importance. The low priced, worthless article, always proves the dearest. The above companies are known to be amongst the best and wealthiest in the world.—"As ye sow that shall you reap."

Grateful for the very liberal patronage already bestowed, I hope—by a strict attention to a legitimate business—not only to merit a continuance of the same, but a large increase the present year.

Mr. STEPHEN A. CRAIG is duly authorized to take applications for Insurance and receive the premium for the same in adjoining townships.

CHAS. B. HURST, Near Depot, Rochester, Pa. [feb14:1y

ROSADALIS

THE INGREDIENTS THAT COMPOSE ROSADALIS are published on every package, therefore it is *not* a secret preparation, consequently PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE IT It is a certain cure for Scrofula, Syphilis in all its forms, Rheumatism, Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint and all diseases of the Blood. ONE BOTTLE OF ROSADALIS will do more good than ten bottles of the Syrups of Sarsaparilla. THE UNDERSIGNED PHYSICIANS have used Rosadalis in their practice for the past three years and freely *endorse* it as a reliable Alterative and Blood Purifier.

DR. T. C. PUGH, of Baltimore. DR. T. J. BOYKIN, " DR. R. W. CARR, " D